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## A TALE OF ORMSBY GORE

# It's Greatly to His Credit

By DAVID BRAATEN  
Star Staff Writer

There were several baffling aspects to the affair, I reflected, as I sifted the meager facts in what is known on all the backstairs of Embassy Row as "The Case of the Ambassador's Credit Card."

Admittedly, most of the mystery could be traced to the damask curtain of secrecy drawn across the whole episode by the British Embassy.

The credit card was missing, there could be no doubt whatever about that. It was an Esso courtesy card made out to Sir David Ormsby Gore himself, for the purchase of petrol, oil, tyres and other necessities for the Ambassador's Jaguar Mark 10 and his Rolls Royce.

And it was clear that it had somehow fallen into the wrong hands. Bills have been coming in from all over the place for

the past two or three months, reportedly to a total of \$185.

But who lost it? Where? And under what circumstances? Has the security of Her Majesty's Embassy been breached? Is it the work of foreign agents? Or is it all a smokescreen laid down by the diabolic operatives of British Intelligence?

An official Embassy spokesman flatly refused to reveal the answer to these or any other questions about the case.

"It's the Ambassador's private affair and we don't want to go blabbing it all round the town," he said coldly.

Well, what steps, pray tell, have been taken to crack the case?

"It has been reported to the appropriate authorities," the spokesman snapped. "I have nothing to add to that."

But what authorities? Who is working on it? The FBI,

which is nobody's collection agency, said it isn't handling the case. The District Police said they haven't been asked to investigate. The CIA understandably remains silent. Agent Carruthers of British Intelligence could not be located, but possibly he was off on another Kremlin assignment.

Some there are who think Scotland Yard has been called in on the case.

But wait—who is that familiar figure who has had the run of the British Embassy recently? Tall, spare, erect despite his obvious years, angular jaw clamped tight on a curving meerschaum, dressed in deerstalker cap and Inverness cape, keen eyes squinting through a magnifying glass.

You don't suppose . . . ? Quick, driver, Baker street, and in heaven's name, man, hurry!